MAY BE PRIVOLOUS AND GAUDY, BUT SOME WOMEN WEAR THEN

The New "Hand Harness" Was Evolved When the Dictate Against Gloves Went Forth - How Made and How Worn.

what it is like. On every finger is worn a ring, with emeralds, rubles, diamonds and any other stone that happens to belong to the fortunate owner. Even the thumb has a ring, and all those on the fingers are joined together like the old-fashioned brass knuckle.

JEWELS INSTEAD OF GLOVES | WILD BEASTS FOND OF HIM.

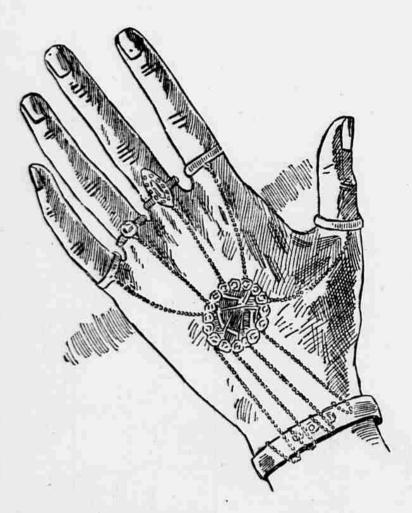
William Pease, of Paris, Me., Har Made Friends of Many Wild Animale.

The villagers of Paris, Me., have always noticed that dogs, cats, cattle and horses took an especial liking to William Pease, who lives on a high hill just over the Harrison line, and now everybody in Paris, Parts Hill and Norway is talking about the strange daily spectacle on the Pease

From the New York Herald.

When the dictate against gloves went forth, the new "harness" for the hand was evolved from some brilliant brain, and it is the ultimate barbarism. It isn't really so bad—it is not even expensive for those who already own gems, set or unset; but the feweled harness is the thing to wear when barchanded at the theater. This is what it is like. On every finger is worn a ring, with emeralds, rubles, diamonds and any other stone that happens to belong to the fortunate owner. Even the thumb has a ring, and all those on the fingers are joined together like the old-fashioned brass the fortunate owner. Even the thumb has a looking at her. She didn't seem a bit a ring, and all those on the fingers are joined together like the old-fashioned brass knuckle.

From each ring there runs a fine gold chain that connects it with the large turgulates ornament in the center of the back of the hand, and then the chains run glong through this jewel, which is set around with large diamonds, something like a "When she seemed to have satisfied"



HOW IS THIS FOR GAUDY?

new in jeweiry, and that is made by run-ning the spun gilt chains from each ring down the back of the hand to the wrist, and there attaching it to the bracelet. When this style is adopted the chain is set with round semi-precious stones, the to-paz, garnet, carbuncle and some others forming a rope or twist where every color of the rainbow is to be found. Violet, yel-low, purple, red, white, pink, blue and green are some of the list that form the new harness chains for the beautiful white hands of the belle and the bud.

They Make a Gorgeous Display.

The triple rings that go with this affalt are curlosities in themselves. They are evintly made in this shape in order to facil itate the donning of this somewhat complicated bit of daintiness. That is, it is com-plicated when the harness is off of the

plicated when the harness is off of the hand and lying in its purple satin nest.

The rings when off the fingers look like three golden loops, soldered, as they are, in the making. These are set closely with gems of every known variety—the more colors the better, apparently, and the larger the diamonds, the clearer the ruby and the more expensive the sapphire the better, too.

The greater disclays the sapphire the

better, too.

The greater display of glittering stones the better every well regulated girl likes it, and in the harness there is immense latitude in the matter of preference for certain gems and the way the gems are set. The designs can be multiplied indefinitely almost, and in the invention of the harness there is ample room for individual choice and originalty.

Finger Caps of Gold. For those who please there may be

added to this already glorious vision of splender "gold caps" for the fingers. These are shaped something like a thimble, and are shaped something like a thimble, and are closely set with emeralds and diamonds and all the rest of the list.

They can, as well as the bracelet below, be joined to the rings with chains. That is merely a matter of personal taste, too.

This jeweled harness beats the jeweled glove all to smithereens!

BIGGEST FLOWER OF ALL. Philippine Islands Bolo Is a Yard Wide and a True Heavy

Weight. From the Philadelphia Press.

The largest flower of the world grows

on the island of Mindanao, one of the Philppine group. It was first discovered there some years ago by a German explorer. It is a five-petaled blossom, nearly a yard wide. At a distance the buds look like giant cabbage heads. A single flower has been known to weigh twenty-two pounds. The natives call it the bole. Specimens sent to Europe were recognized to be of the species Rafflesion, a plant discovered in Sumatra and named after the Euglish governor of that Island. Sir Stamford Raffles, The beloi is only to be found in the neighborhood of Ano, one of the highest volcances in the Phillippines, or about 2,500 feet above the level of the sea. some years ago by a German explorer. It

brooch, and connect with the bracelet beyond on the wrist.

An Armor of Jewels.

It completely covers the hand and forms a biazing armor that will flash and dazzle the eyes in the pit when the hands are raised in applause in the box. You would think the stars had dropped down from the sky and consented to do duty awhile, when you behold this ornament in all its magnificence.

The harness, when finished and adjusted, resembles nothing so much as a glove, the delicate short chains forming the stitching. Some women want the harness for only one hand, claiming it is in better taste, though both hands may be encased in this golden thands may be encased in this golden. There is another design for the newest new in jewelry, and that is made by running the spun gilt chains from each ring down the back of the hand to the wrist.

Norway either trapped or shot him, for he has not appeared for months." Rabbits are very fond of Mr. Pease, and winters, when cutting cordwood, he has often had the pleasure of their company in the clearing where he worked. Two gray squirrels have made Mr. Pease's Louse their home all winter, and they roam from kitchen to attle at will.

battalion chief's wagon.

CHIEF TRUE TO "PINCH." He Traced His Once Faithful Horse to a Department Auction Sale. rom the New York Journal. At an obscure auction sale of old horses yesterday, ex-Chief Joseph Medili, of the fire department, paid \$30 for Pinch, who

street, brushes away the Asbury Park fabrication in this summary fashion:

"As a great-grandson of Robert Morris, and the representative of the elder branch of the family. I am naturally acquainted with my relations, and can give, if you desire it, the names of all of them, and am sorry to say that I am not related to those enterprising Morrises of Asbury Park; and, further, that they are not descended from Robert Morris, of the Revolution, who died in Philadelphia, on May 7, 1896, but from Robert Morris, of New Jersey, who died, I think, in 1820, or thereabout.

"The descent of my family is a matter of record in the courts of Pennsylvania, New York, etc., both when his sons applied successfully, about 1825, to have his bankruptcy dissolved, and in suits connected with the North American Land Company to recover some of his property. Our signatures have been too frequently needed to make it at all doubtful who are his descendants.

"The newspaper cuttings state that Robert Morris had a son who was a private in the Revolutionary army. As Robert Morris, the financier, married on March 2, 1769, and as Cornwallis surrendered September 19, 1781, this poor private, if legitimate, was only 12 years old when the warended. Robert Morris, Jr., lost two sons in infancy. The only other son he had was my father, Dr. Robert Morris, a coording to the newspaper clippings, claim descent from James Morris, who, they assert, was the son of Robert Morris, ir. The only James Morris in our family was my brother, who died before he was 5 years old." ardently, through the crowded streets and at all hours of the night, in the snow, in the rain, had drawn to fires the Fifth Pinch and the chief were proud of each other then, and they never held their heads so high or seemed so absolutely disdainful of everything on earth, except the smoke or the blaze in the distance, as when they rushed by pacers, trotters and scorchers. The chief was retired three years ago, not Pinch. The chief went to his quiet home, where fire alarms never came. Pinch continued to work. He ran to fires as ardently as ever, though the voice that urged him was unfamiliar and not so sympathetic. Nobody knew that Pinch-nobody ever knows how sad a horse may belamented Chief Medill's absence.

Chief Medill came to see him as often as possible. Then observers might have noticed by the change in Pinch's way of holding his head, of fixing his big eyes, how glad he was, how ionesome he had telt. But observers are scarce.

Pinch, when distillusion added to long years of enthusiastic service had made him slow, awkward, old, was sent to the hospital training stables a month ago. Nobody told ex-Chief Medill, but he felt it instinctively and soon he verified the fact. Is there anything more pathetic than an auction sale of old horse? Humiliation other then, and they never held their heads

Pennsylvania-No Affidavit

body told ex-Chief Medill, but he felt it instinctively and soon he verified the fact. Is there anything more pathetic than an auction sale of old horses? Humiliation, despair or infinitely patient resignation has made them all anne. Their heads are bont, they do not move.

They know that they will be harnessed to street cars or to farm carts. Green-greers and milkmen bid for them in long-drawn, monotonous syllables.

"Two dol-lars, three dol-lars."

Pinch was started at \$5. Somebody had been clever enough to see in him, despite his listless attitude, the sign of his former greatness. The bids went up to \$10.

Suddenly Pinch's cars stood up as if a whip had caressed them, and then he neighbed triumphantly. It was ex-Chief Medill's voice bidding for him.

"Twenty, twenty-five, thirty."

Ex-Chief Medill is strong, reserved and not at all sentimental. But his eyes were troubled a little, he will have to admit; and he coughed before replying to the question. "What will you do with Pinch?" He replied:

"I am going to retire him. There is a farm at Eton, N. J., where he will live without working for the rest of his life."

a regular rattiesnake reunion and concert. The rock and ground were just yellow yith them, and if there were one there were six hundred snakes in the gang. They were of all sizes and ages.

"The two oldest rattiers of the crowd were in the center, and the other snakes were all gathered about them. Each and every snake had coiled himself up in such a manner as to allow his rattles and tails good play, and they were rattling away as if for wages. Their wicked tongues were darting out and in, keeping time with the music of their tails.

NOGUCHI, JAPANESE POET.

His Muse Is Much Influenced by Buddhism-He Has the Spirit of the East.

Yone Noguchi, a young Japanese living in California, and educated in this country, is beginning to be recognized as a true poet. He has been accused of imitating Walt Whitman; but as the Chrysanthemum, a Japanese-American publication of Sar Francisco, says "Coincidence is not necessarily plagiarism, and Poe and Walt Whitman borrowed from the vague Orient."

Noguchi's muse is much influenced by Buddhism, and naturally he has the spirit of the far East. The poetry of the young Japanese shows every now and then the crudities of youth and breaks out occasionall into a morbidness such as is found in the poems of all young men with the "divine afflatus," whether they are born in Japan or London.

Noguchi is a prolific writer; perhaps it would be tetter if he wrote less and devoted more time to "polishing up" what he did write. An example of how much young poets all over the world are akin is afforded by a recent poem of Noguchi's called "The Francisco, says "Coincidence is not neces-



YONE NOGUCHI.

Night Reverie in the Forest," recently published in the Chrysanthemum.

lished in the Chrysanthemum,

He begins as follows:
"Buy my tears that I sucked from the breast of
Truth-tears, sister spirits of Heaven's smile!"
sobs the Wind.
Thou pale Wind, tear-vendor of the hideous night,

At the end he wails: Make my grave under the greenest grass, and carve this line: "Here sleeps a nameless poet."

Now there never was a youthful poet in the world who at some time did not express a like desire. Of course, the fullfillment of the wish is the last thing the young man wants, but he takes the greatest possible satisfaction in persuading himself that he does.

satisfaction in personal does.

Young Noguchl has the true poetic touch and apparently a future before him which will prevent his self-selected epitaph from appearing on his tombstone. Here is a poem of his from the Chrysanthemum called a "Fragment."

gray robed logs stray as fairles from a forgot-ten grave.

Ah, my heart throbs on in fantastic dream as when

Ah, my heart throbs on in fautastic dream as when my love's shadow sweetens me!

The sun has sunk. The unresting silence file the heart of Eve, who begins to sob under the mantle of night.

I, a shadow of the star, guard the earth, a shadow of the heavens, with the power—an echoed power of God.

December 4, 1897,

THE OLDEST BICYCLIST. He Is Washakie, a Fullblooded Indian Chief, of Wyom-

ing. If any one knows a cyclist older than

this "oldest cyclist" now is the time to bring him forward. This is a fullblooded Indian chief, Wash-This is a fullblooded Indian chief, Washakie by name, and his home is the Shoshone Indian agency in Fremont county, Wyo. Washakie is chief of the Shoshones and the illustration shown herewith is from a photograph recently taken at the Shoshone agency by Howard A. Chaffin, one of the best known wheelmen in Wyoming. Mr. Chaffin lives at Cheyenna, and as he is a great cycle tourist, he frequently visits the Shoshone agency, and has known Chief Washakie for several years. Here is what Mr. Chaffin says of him in the Bicycling World:

Mr. Chaffin says of him in the Bicycling World:

"The most remarkable thing about Chief Washakie and the picture I took of him is his age. He is between 103 and 110 years of age, and is still very active. No one knows his exact age, even himself, and it must be estimated from the events in which he has had a part. He participated in Indian campaigns which the records show to have been fought eighty and ninety years ago,



CHIEF WASHAKIE.

and it is fair to estimate that he was not far from 20 years old at that time. "Chief Washakie has always been a friend of the white man, and has never fought against them. His influence and his position have always been used to aid the whites. His campaigns against the numerous Western tribes have been many and most generally successful. He can relate stories of hundreds of battles and has possibly been one of the greatest Indian leaders the pountry has seen. He is now and has been for a number of years a government seout.

"I have visited the Shoshone agency several times and during my stay there became well acquainted with the old chief. He always took a great interest in my wheel, and often I found him kneeling beside it studying the mechanism most carefully. He would get up with a grunt, his comment being heap good, or, in his own words, zaut. While at the agency not long ago Washakie proposed that I ride a half mile against one of his best ponies with a young Indian buck up. The chief was very much surprised to find that I beat the pony out, and seemed disappointed in the ability of his animal.

"The chief tried my wheel a number of

and seemed disappointed in the ability of his animal.

"The chief tried my wheel a number of times with fair success, and finally became a telerable rider, handling the wheel as well as any white man 29 or 39 years his junior. Indeed, Chief Washakie maintains a marvelous vigor for one of his extreme age, and is quite entitled to be called a cycling wonder."

CLOUDS OF BIRDS.

Millions of Robins, According to the Stories of Hunters, Darken au

Alabama Sky. The Louisvile (Ala.) Journal says, "One day last week Messrs. J. R. Herring, C. H. Strickland, C. W. Norton and S. Hixon, believing that they were not enjoying the holidays as well as they would like to, went over to the farm of Mr. John T. Grubbs, where there is a creek on which there is cane growing thick, and had fine sport shooting robins, killing 114 in less time than

"I have been among snakes all my life, but that was the first snake concert I ever struck."

"Brown is a lucky fellow. He has so little ear for music that he doesn't know one popular air from another." "I'm better off than Brown. I can recognize one of them before it gets started. So I have a chance to run."—Indianapolis Journal.

"One of the party told us there seemed to be millions of them and as the flocks flew up they darkened the sky. This is an unusual occurrence. The robins, in the last few years, have been scarce in this section, and it was really startling to the hunters to find so many located in so small a space."

HIGH TOWERS OF SILENCE.

COMPLETE DESCRIPTION OF INDIA'S STRANGEST BURIAL PLACES.

Parace's Last Rites. The Structure and How the Dead Are Deposited in It-Bodies Are Speedily Devoured by Vultures.

om the Chicago Inter Ocean. Less is known, by the masses of the Occi-dent, of the Zoroustrians, or Parsees, and their religion, than of any other Oriental community; and although their Dakh-mas, or towers of silence, at Bombay, India, have been more or less superficially described by travelers, the architectural details of these peculiar structures have rare-7, if ever, appeared in an European or American publication.

The most unique and impressive feature of Zoroastrian customs is their method of disposing of the dead. According to their religion, earth, fire and water are sacred elements, useful to mankind, and hence not to be polluted in any way. They are strictly enjoined that dead bodies shall not be thrown into the sea, burned in fire, nor buried in the earth. Therefore the only practicable course open to them is to expose the naked bodies of their dead in the open air so that they may decay and disintegrate under the ordinary action of the elements or be devoured by birds or beasts. This exposure, however, is made with the confident expectation that the corpse will be speedily eaten by vultures, which are numerous and voracious in Oriental countries, and especially so in the vicinity of a tower of silence.

These towers are not as numerous as is generally supposed. Outside of Persia and disposing of the dead. According to their

tower of silence.

These towers are not as numerous as is generally supposed. Outside of Persia and Russia the only ones in use at present are those in Bombay and one or two in China. Those in Bombay are located on the summit of Malabar hill, a picturesque elevation on the eastern boundary of the city, from which a magnificent view of the surrounding country can be had. The Parsees own about fifteen acres of the hill, and have transformed the place into a varitable paradise.

No Signs of Death. There is nothing suggestive of deat

about the place. It is a luxurious garden of flowers, ornamental shrubbery, palms, cypress, bamboo and other tropical trees, laid out with smooth, well kept gravel walks. There are comfortable benches in slady nooks, secluded trysting places, and fragrant copses, where birds of brilliant plumage sing and mate. Vigorous, exuberant life is manifest everywhere, while all nature seems to deprecate funeral thoughts and to encourage dreams of earthy joy and beauty. But these dreams are. about the place. It is a luxurious garden of

thoughts and to encourage dreams of earthly joy and beauty. But these dreams are, in a measure, dispelled when one sees a tower of silence nestling among the trees and recalls the purpose for which these round, whitewashed piles of solid masonry were built.

There are six of these towers located within less than 160 yards of each other, and partially hidden by the overhanging foliage of paims and cypress. Five are used for the exposure of the bodies of Parsees in good standing in their community, while the sixth receives the bodies of criminals and outcasts. The first was built in 1669 and the second in 1756.

Ceremonies.

When a death occurs the body is wrapped n a white sheet and placed on an iron bier. in a white sheet and placed on an iron bler. Within twelve hours thereafter it is taken in charge by official corpse bearer, called khandias, and a procession is formed headed by one or more mobeds, or Parsee priests, followed by the mourning relatives and friends of the deceased in couples, each couple holding the opposite ends of a white handkerchief. All the participants are attired in new white robes, which are never worn afterward. No carriage or other wheeled vehicle is ever used, and the procession marches slowly and in slence from the Parsee quarter of the cty to Malabar hill and up the long flights of stone steps to the tower garden on the summit and to a point within thirty feet of the particular tower selected for the exposure. Here the mourners, mobeds and khandias leave the body and retire to a sagree or prayer temple near the entrance to the garden, where the sacred fire, fed with sandal wood and incense, is kept constantly burning. While prayers are being said for the safe passage of the departed soul over the "Chinvat bridge," the corpse is taken into the tower by two official bearers called nassasalars, who strip it and deposit it naked in one of the open receptacles.

During all this the watchful observer will notice evidences of excitement among the numerous large vultures perched among the prims and cypresses near the tower. They utter no cries, but move restlessly on the branches and indicate plainly their impatience to begin the feast prepared for them. Within twelve hours thereafter it is taken

Left to the Vultures.

The nassasalars, having performed their task, emerge from the tower, closing the task, emerge from the tower, closing the door with a sharp bang. The instant this sound is heard there arises a loud whir of wings and a low roar as of a fierce wind through a dense forest. A cloud of vultures durken the air and settle down upon the tower. In from one to two hours the bones of the dead man are picked clean and the gorged birds fly lazily back to their perches or roost upon the parapet of the tower with their heads turned inward as if contemplating regretfully the remains of their recent banquet.

ing regretfully the remains of their recent bonquet.

The bearers, upon leaving the tower, retire to a small inclosure near by, remove all their clothing, burn it, and bathe their bodies thoroughly. Not an article they have touched, or has touched the corpse, during the ceremony is permitted to leave the garden, and they are supplied with new garments for each funeral. As these bearers are supposed to contract impurity in the discharge of their duty, they are forced to live quite apart from the rest of the Parsee community and are, therefore, well paid.

Parsee community and are, therefore, well paid.

The bones of the deceased are allowed to remain exposed in the receptacle from two to four weeks. Then the nassasulars, with gloved hands and implements resembling tengs, throw them into the central well, where they ultimately crumble and pass into the underground drains. "Thus," says the Parsee, "the rich and the poor meet together on one level of equality after death."

FAMOUS "LEWIS CARROL." Characteristics of the Author of "Alice in Wonder-

land."

The death of "Lewis Carroll" (the Rev. C. H. Dodgson), author of "Alice in Wonderland," has caused the greatest regret in all parts of Great Britain. The papers are full of reminiscences of his many stories, showing how intense was his love storics, showing how intense was his love for children and how universal was his shyness and dignity to others. "Lewis Carroll" was very particular as to his personal appearance. His alert figure and general vigor conveyed the impression that he was much younger than 65. He never wore an overcoat in his life and continued to take long constitutionals to the end. The doctor was staying with his sisters at Guilford when he died.

The humorous books of Dr. Dodgson were an inexhaustible well for cartoonists and political and social parodists. Only yesterday, while he was breathing his last, the trial scene from "The Hunting of the Shark" was most felicitously quoted in the press, as affording the only known parallel to the cross absurdity of the Dreyfus-Esterhazy inquiry.

He lived in retirement and would never see an interviewer nor communicate any particulars of his life or work for publication. His children's books have had an immense and continuous sale at very high prices. In fact, they had become classic long before the death of their author.

From "Alice in Wonderland:"

ON THE BEACH.

The wairus and the carpenter Were walking close at hand, They wept like everything to see Such quantities of sand, "If this were only cleared awar," They said, "it would be grand."

"It seven maids with seven mops for children and how universal was his

"If seven maids with seven mops Swept it a half a year De you suppose," the walrus said, "That they could get it clear?" "I doubt it," said the carpenter, And shed a hitter tear. "Alice Through the Looking

IASS:"
THE JABBERWOCK.
"Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe.
All minesy were the borrogroves,
And the momegraths outgrabe.

He took his vorpal blade in hand, Long time his maxem foe he sought So rested he, 'neath the tuntum tree, And stood awhile in thought.

A \$25,000 OFFICE.

Every Brick in It Contained a Silver Dollar-Crank Freak of a Rich Man.

This is from the Detroit Free Press:
"One may see and hear strange things
in the remote localities of this country."
said a well known lawyer who has for said a well known lawyer who has for some weeks been wandering through the mountainous regions of Pennsylvania. "It never occurred to me especially that there was any part of the great state of Pennsylvania which might be called remote, but after two weeks or more of wandering, miles away from railroads and other signs of civilization, I am prepared to say that the Keystone state has its remoteness as well as others not so near the seabcard settlements. Naturally on such a trip I would see things new to me. One oddity was a one-story office building attached to the house of a rich old farmer. As we passed the place the lawyer who was acting as my guide called my attention to it.

tion to it.
"There's something for you to make note of, he said.
"'What is it?' I asked.
"'That little office there in the from

"What is it? I asked.
"That little office there in the front yard.
"What's noteworthy about it?"
"It's the most expensive bit of architecture in the country for its size.
"What did it cost?
"How much would you say?
"Oh. about \$300.
"Well, it just cost \$25,250.
"Come off. said I, what's the foke?
"There isn't any, he explained, seriously.
That old chap is the richest man in these parts and obe built that office, which is fireproof, to keep his papers and other valuables in, and into each of the 25,000 brick he put into it he placed a silver dollar while the brick was still soft. That was simply a freak of his, but it went, and he built his office of brick at \$1 apiece, not counting the clay and the laying, which added \$550 more. Now, if you know of another brick building twenty feet square, unplastered and without modern convergences, which cost as much, tell me where

ices, which cost as much, tell me where "But he had me there, for I am sure I don't know a match for that Pennsylvania office anywhere in the United States."

NANCY BARGER, 107 YEARS OLD She Was 10 Years of Age When Wash ington Died-Comes of Family Remarkable for Longevity.

from the Philadelphia Inquirer. On the Bald Eagle creek, in Center county, Pa., about six miles below Bellefonte, ty, Pa., about six miles below Bellefonte, are situated the ruins of the Eagle Iron works, founded by Roland Curtin, Sr., father of the late ex-Governor Andrew G. Curtin. This place, called Curtin's station, is now merely a relie of what it once was. The old iron masters and furnacemen of almost a century ago have long since passed away. One solitary sentinel alone keeps a mournful vigil over the ruins of former life and industry. This is "Granny" Barger, who is one of the oldest white persons in the state.

The one-story log cabin in which she and her son, Samuel (now over 50 years of age), live is romantically situated near the bank of the creek, and with its weird surroundings is a fit subject for the artist's pencil.

Mrs. Barger comes from a family remarkable for long-vity, quite a number of whom almost reached the age of 103, while her sister, Rehecca Marlin, who died a few years ago in Nebraska, was aged 34.

Mrs. Barger is a granddaughter of John Tate, a Scotch-irish emigrant, who was one of the first settlers of the Cumberland valley. Her parents, William and Rebecca (Jones) Tate were among the first settlers of Middle Ridge, in (now) Perry county, a few miles south of Newport. Here they reared their family of nine children, namely, Sally, Polly, Rebecca, Nancy, Tallssa, Joseph, John, William and Adam. The father was a soldier of the Revoluare situated the ruins of the Eagle Iron

NANCY BARGER.

survive. Four of the sons served in the late civil war, one of whom, John, fell in his country's service.

"Granny" Barger is indeed a marvel. She and her son, Samuel, who was 80 years old September 15, 1897, are the sole occupants of the cabin. She still does much of the household work. A correspondent of this paper recently found her preparing the evening repast.

Born September 17, 1790, Nancy Barger was almost 10 years of age at the death of Washington, an event which she still remembers very well. In fact, her remembrance of events of unwards of a century ago is remarkable. She moves about the house with considerable suppleness, uses no glasses, and her prospects are good for adding many more days to her already venerable age.

ABOUT MARK HANNA'S HOME

HOW THE OHIO SENATOR PASSED HIS TIME WHEN A YOUNGSTER.

Boy of Nerve and Pinck-People of His Native Town Stand by Him Almost to a Man-Gave Early

Evidence of a Leader.

Marcus A. Hanna was born in 187 in the picturesque old town of Lisbon, O., which at that time was known as New Lisbon. It is the second oldest town in the state. and many of its important events date back

into the previous century. Just opposite the present courthouse stands an old brick building, occupied as a harness shop and the Hessen shoe store, the latter being a small, antiquated affair, where stories of past events are of more

where stories of past events are of more importance than politics.

The rear part of this shoe store was occupied by Dr. Leonard Hanna and his family as a portion of their living apartments, and in one of these humble rooms over the shop Marcus A. Hanna first opened his eyes to the light of day.

His father, Dr. Hanna, was a man of un-



HOUSE IN LISBON, O., WHERE MARK HANNA WAS BORN.

s frank speech, as well as many other strong characteristics, were inherited by his son, Mark, as he was familiarly known to the boys.

The general store which Dr. Hanna conducted flourished to such a degree that he moved his family into a large one-and-one-half-story house on the hill, and devoted "space to business purposes. About it his it, "Mark began going to school. He was a great boy, and we all liked him is shall never forget our sports and the pranks we played.

"One day, in the old log school house, which stood where the Central school now stands, the master gave us a difficult problem in mental arithmetic. It went the rounds of the class without being answered until it came to Mark. The teacher repeated the problem, and Mark listened with his usual close attention. When the master finished he said:

"Well, I can do that on paper, but it is too hard to solve mentally."

"But the scheme didn't go, and Mark was checked down with the rest of us. However, he was unwilling to let the matter drop, and at recess several of us boys got together, and Mark took the same problem that the schoolmaster had given us and changed the figures. We then filed up to the teacher and told him we had a little problem in mental arithmetic that twe wished he would solve, and Mark read his revised problem. The teacher looked wise, adjusted his glasses, and asked to see the paper on which the example was written.

"But that isn't mental arithmetic,' protested Mark.

"So he read it again, and the master figured long and hard, but could not get the answer, and sharply ordered us all out of the school room.

"Of course, we were tickled beyond measure over the lesson Mark taught the master, who never again gave us such a problem.

"I remember very distinctly an old boat owned by Colonel Harper, a veteran of the

lem.
"I remember very distinctly an old boat owned by Colonel Harper, a veteran of the war of 1812. It was operated by a handpower paddle wheel. My, but we boys used to have fun with that ancient boat! We ware about the are when young ciris had NANCY BARGER.

tion, while a number of the sons served in the war of isl2. Adam, the youngest son, never returned from the war, this fate is unknown.

The career of "Granny" Barger is tinged with a pleasing romance. When quite young she was woosed by George Barger, who was in every way worthy of her hand. Her parents, however, raised a vigorous opposition, and succeeded in separating the young couple. The war of 1812 broke out, and the young lover entered the service of his country. Returning from the war, he renewed his suit. The parents of the young woman, however, were still relentless, and the young couple did what many had done before them, and since, for that matter, they eloped, but not with the usual result. They were not forgiven.

Soon after their marriage they removed to Bellefonte, then a mere village, where Mr. Barger found employment in the Valentine Iron works, which had just been built. When Roland Curtin established his works on the Baid Eagle creek in 1829 Mr. Barger found employment there, and continued to labor there until he died, in 1852.

They had seven children, of whom five survive. Four of the sons served in the late civil war, one of whom, John, fell in his country's service.

"Granny" Barger is indeed a marvel. She and her son, Samuel, who was 80 years old Sentember 15, 1897, are the sole

THE WHEELWOMAN'S SALOON.



He took his vorpal blade in hand.

Long time his mazem foe he sought;
So rested he, 'neath the tunium tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in unish thought he stood
The Jabberwock with eyes affame
Came writhing through the tulgy wood
And burbled as he came.

One, two, one, two and through and through
His vorpal blade went snicker-snack;
He let it dead and with its head
He came gullumphing back.

And Past thou slain the jubjub bird?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy,
Oh, frabjous day: Calico: Calicy:
He choriled in his joy.

Sallie De Witte—"Do you play whist, Mr.
Lange?" Willis Lange—"Me play whist?
Well, I don't think." Sallie De Witte—"Ah, true! I had forgotten that."—Brooklyn Life.

A QUINTETTE OF FAMOUS CATS.

Europe, as photographed by the court pho-tographer at Vienna. They belong to vari-ous members of royalty, and this picture live in reality on the very fat of the land,

Here are five of the most famous cats of | hands. Petted by the hand of royalty and of them is reproduced from the New York Times. The cats "taken" are not the ordinary cats that one sees about the houses of friends, but cats of lineage as pure and tong, perchance, as many of the rules and though she does not hold "the place of honor" in the center, she is second on the bar.

MYTHICAL MILLIONS HERE. THE BAKER ESTATE AS A SAMPLE OF WILD WESTERN ROMANCES.

Never Was Very Large at Any Time-The Claims of Alleged Morris Heirs Equally Unsubstantial.

From the Philadelphia Record. If the Jacob Baker estate, of this city, which alleged Western heirs of sanguine disposition have magnified to the splendid value of \$300,000,000, is to be taken as a fair specimen of the great properties in and around Philadelphia for which claimants are constantly turning up, generally in are constantly turning up, generally in the far West, somebody is making a pretty penny by the deliberate deception of the innocent persons who figure as heirs in these fairy stories. In the Baker case these heirs have started up all over the country to claim a share of the riches which they have been led to believe belong to them by right of descent.

Unscrupulous lawyers have been doing a thriving business in organizing Baker clans to come and get the big property left by the old Philadelphia merchant and Revolutionary soldier. It is strange how many Bakers are willing to be deluded with this idea, and can be persuaded to put up money for attorney's fees. Meanwaile the real Baker heirs are enjoying old Jacob's estate, of which they have long been in possession.

No Big Baker Estate.

No Big Baker Estate.

The fact is that there never was a Baker estate of any extraordinary value. Jocib Baker, it is true, had large holdings of land in this city, including almost the whole of the block bounded by Fifth, Sixth, whole of the block bounded by Fifth, Sixth, Market and Arch streets, and a tract where Moyamensing prison now stands When he died, however, some time before 1790, his property was not highly appraised, for in those times land could be had in any part of the city at very low figures. He left neither wife nor children, so of course there are no direct descendants, as some of the "promoters" would make the gullible believe. All that he owned legally passed into the hands of his brothers, Henry and Samuel, and there are papers existing to show that the estate was properly settled.

properly settled. About forty true heirs are at present the beneficiaries of Jacob Baker's accumulthe beneficiarles of Jacob Baker's accumulations, and not one of them can be called wealthy. All are the descendants of Samuel Baker, one of the brothers, as the line of Henry died out after one generation. The only one of the living heirs who is a Baker is another Samuel, an old man who lives at Lambertville, N. J. The majority bear the name of Betts and reside in Philadelphia and in the nelghborhood of Taylorsville, Bucks county. Among them they still hold title to some of Jacob's original land, but not one has any considerable porland, but not one has any considerable por-tion. It is said that there never was a Baker of the Revolutionary stock, even including Jacob and his brothers, who was

Property Was Scattered Long Ago If the land which Jacob Baker possessed had been left intact it would form an immensely valuable estate. But such is not

mensely valuable estate. But such is not the case. What the heirs now own in scattering pieces is collectively not more than a remnant. The first Samuel, towards the end of his life, retired from the wool business, in which the brothers had made their money, and traded his downtown lots, thirty-seven acres in extent, for a 160-acre farm near Taylorsville, where he established his country seat. This farm belongs to an heir who wishes he could trade it back again.

Just how the Jacob Baker estate came to be selected as a bait for credulous claimants is more than any of the real heirs are able to say. None of them have ever had their rights to the property actually disputed. The lawyers who are playing the game operate at a distance, and apparently never get down to the work of looking up titles or filing suits, confining their business instead to the collection of fees. Among the public records of Philadelphia there are many entries to show what disposition has been made of the estate.

Mythical Morris Millions.

On a par with this Baker estate myth is another which comes from Asbury Park, N. J., and which represents the alleged N. J., and which represents the alleged heirs there of Robert Morris, the great Revolutionary financier, as preparing to push a claim against the government for some \$8,000.000, said to be due the family for sums advanced to the government when the colonies were fighting for their liberty. There are heirs of Robert Morris living, but they are in Philadelphia, not Asbury Park, and they are not claiming millions from Uncle Sam. One of them, Dr. Henry Morris, of No. 213 South Sixteenth street, brushes away the Asbury Park fabrication in this summary fashion:
"As a great-grandson of Robert Morris,

MUSICALE GIVEN BY RATTLERS. Strange Story Which Comes From

Is Furnished. A special to the New York World from

A special to the New York World from Susquehanna, Pa., says; "Talk about snakes," remarked an old Long Eddy snake killer: "there are more snakes along the Delaware river section than ever squirmed in Ireland before good St. Patrick gave them the grand bounce.

"A Port Jervis friend, who digs roots, and I were out on the hills. I wanted to get a few hig rattlers for a New York museum. There were rattlesnakes all around us, but they did not seem to be very sayage. We would scare them up by throwing hig stones down the mountain, and they would sneak away from us. Near a bluestone quarry we heard a strange noise, or rather a bog lot of noises, and if we'd been shot the next minute we couldn't have told where they came from. The racket was more than that of a country church choir. came from. The racket was more than that of a country church choir. that of a country church choir.

The noise increased every step we took up hill. By the time we got to the summit. everlooking the Delaware river, it was little less than terrific. Looking down the slopes we saw a sight that took the cake. On a big rock and moss mound was a regular rattlesnake reunion and concert. The rock and ground were just veilow with

darting out and in, keeping time with the music of their tails.

"All of a sudden, with an awful flourish, the rattling stopped. The two old snakes reared their heads at least three feet from the ground and looked all around over the field, like generals on a battle field. After seeing that all the gang was ready for business they sounded a note like a country hiddler tuning un, and the whole crowd began their concert again. Jimminy Peter! what a racket it was!

began their concert again. Jimminy Peter! what a racket it was!

"It took them about ten minutes to finish one tune, and we must have listened to a dozen. After a while we got tired of the business and rolled a rock down into the crowd. This broke up the meeting. Several of the snakes were crushed to death. The others, with an awful rattling, crawled away to their dens.

"I have been among snakes all my life, but that was the first snake concert I ever struck."